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The People's Press.
L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
TERMS—Cash in Advance.
One copy one year.....\$1.50
" " six months..... 75
" " three months..... 50
\$2.00 when not paid till end of the year.

The People's Press.

VOL. XXVII.

SALEM, N. C., JULY 10, 1879.

NO. 28.

JOB PRINTING.
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My Babes in the Wood.

Once, walking in the forest wide,
Two little darlings I espied.
The leaves had not yet begun to grow,
And chill winds wandered to and fro;
Yet strange! beside a giant tree
No sweeter faces could there be.
Than those that looked up timidly,
With teardrops in their deep blue eyes,
While I looked down with glad surprise.

I thought of those two children sweet
Whose story little folks repeat—
The poor, forlorn babes in the wood—
And then I spoke in kindly mood:
"Dear little darlings! oh, how fair,
All alone in this cold air!
The night may bring us snow and frost;
Tell me, my pretties, are you lost?"
They seemed to nestle closer then,
And, though I gently spoke again,
They gave no answer to my words,
But were as mute as songless birds.

I bore them home tenderly,
And called my little ones to see
The pretty darlings I had found,
Oh! how the merry shouts rang round!
Perhaps you may have guessed my pet?
They were the first spring violets.

LOVE'S REWARD.

"Asked Tilly?"
"Yes, actually. I heard him myself.
Did you ever?"
Miss Rosie Green, for an answer,
looked unutterable things. Miss Posie
Green took off her sundown and fanned
herself vigorously with it. She looked
warm; her face was flushed with feeling
no less than the weather. She and her
sister were no longer as youthful as their
names suggested. Moreover, irritation
brings out the lines and wrinkles of a
face, and it is unquestionably irritating
to be passed over for a slip of a thing
with a doll-baby face, not one's own flesh
and blood at that.

"There they go now!" cried Miss Rosie
in an excited whisper, flying to the win-
dow, and peeping through a crack in the
shutter.
"For goodness' sake, don't give her the
satisfaction of seeing you look at her."
"I don't care whether she sees me or
not—not a rush. That old pink calico
out! I do think she might have had the
decency to make herself look respecta-
ble, riding out with pa's young man."

"Pa's young man! What a way to put
it!"
"Well, isn't he, for the present? He's
reading medicine in pa's office, I'm sure,
and he takes the messages that are left,
and tells pa afterward. For my part,
I think he is bound to be civil to pa's
daughters."

"Well, he is being civil to one of them."
"Yes, that's the worst of the way pa
treats Tilly. It's real unjust to us.
Hateful little piece!"
A case of cruel step-sisters, you are
thinking. However, there was no no
either of blood or of marriage in this in-
stance. Dr. Green had adopted Tilly,
brought her with him when he moved to
Woodbridge fifteen years ago. She was
a mere baby then, and his wife was
still living, and cared for the child like
her own. She was a motherly soul, and
loved babies. Her own girls had left
infancy half a score years behind them.
Since her death life had not been so
smooth for Tilly. Perhaps the Green
girls would have been kind to another
person in the same situation, but they
certainly made life a burden to their lit-
tle adopted sister.

Mr. Leonard—she hoped to be Dr.
Leonard this time next year—drove a
fast horse before a shining new buggy.
It was a bright day, and he had a pretty
girl beside him. His spirits rose to
the level of the occasion. Tilly and he
laughed and talked in a way that would
have driven Miss Posie frantic. I spec-
ify Miss Posie, because her sister had
acquired two or three years' additional
reign in which to bear the ill of
epinephrine; wall-flowering had become
almost a second nature. But Tilly
laughed on regardless. She was happy,
John Leonard was the handsomest, the
best-mannered, the best-dressed young
man she had ever known, and he had
singled her out for his especial favor.
She was willing to believe anything of
an auspicious fate.

Nor was that the last drive they took
together. He asked her all the oftener
when he saw it made the "wicked sisters,"
as he dubbed them, angry. As it proved,
he asked Tilly far oftener than was
good for her. This was only an episode
with him; with Tilly it was the most
real experience of her life. John Leon-
ard seldom talked of his plans, but she
had mapped out his career for him.
When he graduated in medicine he
should become her father's partner, and
finally relieve her father of the burden
of his practice, and then—and then—
Tilly always herself shared the air castle
with John.

This was a long, long while ago—be-
fore the war, almost; accurately, at the
very breaking out of the war. At first
John Leonard, who was an Englishman,
escaped the war fever, but gradually the
soul of the war clung to him, and he
"He must have a hand in this
himself. A man must belong some-
where. So he coolly informed Dr.
Green one day that he had enlisted; he
was going to fight for his shoulder-strap.
"As for my diploma, I'll wait awhile
for that."

When he came to bid Tilly good-bye,
she burst out crying. That settled the
question as to their manner of farewell.

He took her in his arms and kissed her
repeatedly. This was decidedly wrong,
decidedly imprudent, although they were
only affectionate, brotherly kisses. Miss
Rosie came in as he released her. "Well
Matilda Green!" she cried, with an in-
tonation that meant anything but well.
But Tilly was too heart-broken to ex-
temperate her conduct. She left that to
John, who said, good-naturedly, "You'll
give me a kiss too, won't you Miss Rosie?"
Remember, you may never see me again."

And he actually kissed her too. He
wanted to put it out of her power to tease
poor Tilly. She had been guilty of the
same impropriety herself.

Poor Tilly was wretched, wretched,
after he was gone. But she was buoyed
up by hopes and visions. She had a
brave picture, too, of John, which he
sent her when he was made a lieutenant.
Oh, how proud she was when that came!
She felt that she was fighting the bat-
tles of her country.

She never forgot a speech of John's
about improving her mind. She tried
hard to find time to do so. Her favorite
method was the composition of letters to
John, which were never sent, in the
course of which she would laboriously
hunt out in the dictionary nearly all the
words she wanted to use, to insure their
correct spelling. She also endeavored
to find time to read such light literature
as was contained in the weekly paper of
the household. She read the love sto-
ries, to be sure, with an especial zest
apart from their purpose as educators.
They struck a kindred chord.

One day John Leonard received in
camp a copy of the same paper—the
Woodbridge News. It contained a
marked paragraph. "Good gracious!
How fearful sudden!"
His particular chum, Lieutenant Phil
Ross, was standing by. This gentleman
was a comrade of fact—a trait which
the thoughtless are apt to confound with
curiosity; but I contented that there is
a difference between inquisitiveness and
acquisitiveness. Mr. Ross stretched out
his hand for the paper.

"Old Green? Hum! ah, yes—Dr.
Green! By Jove! Philbrick Green, for-
merly of Greenbrier, New York." I
knew the man. I hail from Greenbrier
myself. So he has turned up again, has
he? "Woodbridge, Rockland County,
Pennsylvania." An excellent place to be
buried alive in. Been in Woodbridge, eh?
Whatever took you there?"

"I studied medicine in Dr. Green's
office. There was an excellent opening
for a country practice."
"Let me see: he had two daughters—
Rosie and Posie."
"Three."
"The third was only an adopted daugh-
ter. She accounts for my interest in
him. Her mother was a distant cousin
of mine. Left a widow with three chil-
dren utterly destitute. Saved for her
living. The Greens took a fancy to her
little Tilly, and offered to take her off
her hands. She agreed, rather than let
the child starve. The Greens moved
away shortly afterward. The last time
I was in Greenbrier (I run up there
every summer to see my mother) I found
that my cousin had married—a very
well-to-do man too. Her other chil-
dren had died meanwhile, and she had set
her heart on reclaiming Tilly. Her
husband had made inquiries for Dr.
Green, but to no purpose. He had
moved two or three moves since leaving
Greenbrier, and no one knew where he
had moved to last. My cousin was fret-
ting herself sick. I can't say that I
pitied her as much as though she had
not given up her child of her own free
will, to begin with. It always seemed
an unmotherly thing to me. And here
I have suddenly unearthed the girl! I'll
write to her mother this very day."

"And I'll write to Tilly," John added.
He wrote to the mother too; he seemed
so anxious, as Phil said, to have his
finger in every corner of the pie, that
Phil waived his rights of previous ac-
quaintance, and permitted his friend
to make the disclosures to Mrs. Eaton.
Phil, containing himself with incoherent
fervor to his cousin—involving John's
moral character—in that young man's
own words.

Speedily came the answer. A very in-
coherent, agitated, short little note from
Tilly, so badly penned and expressed as
to be almost illegible and unintelligible.
But John made out from it that she was
very unhappy, and would have any
change with joy. Mrs. Eaton's mis-
sive was blotted with tears.

Not long afterward arrived the news
that Tilly had gone to her mother in
Greenbrier. John breathed a sigh of
relief. He had learned that Dr. Green
had died intestate. His property had
gone to his legal heirs. It would have
been hard lines for Tilly, slaving all the
rest of her days for those hard task-
mistresses, the "wicked sisters." To
John's excited imagination.

So several months passed. Then John
applied for leave, on his doctor's advice,
who said he needed rest. It was a prob-
lem where to spend it. He would have
gone to Woodbridge as being the nearest
approach to home, had Dr. Green and
Tilly still been there. She had cried
when he had hidden her good-bye. He
did not think that any one else had
shed tears for his sake since. Poor little
Tilly! Pretty little Tilly! He had a
great notion to go to Greenbrier and
look her up. He wanted to find out

whether she would be glad to see him.
He went to Greenbrier. He found
the decent, tidy little brick house where
the Eatons lived. He was shown into a
dark little parlor.

It was impossible not to see that Tilly
was extremely agitated when she came
down to him. The hand she gave to
John was like ice, and trembled at his
touch. He almost seated her, still hold-
ing her hand, and she looking up at him
with the old wistful look in her eyes.
John was touched. He always had liked
Tilly. And, poor little soul, how thin
she was! Was it possible that she had
only exchanged one kind of bondage for
another?

She went out to the front door with
him, and he saw her in the
daylight how pale she had grown. The
little wild rose had lost its bloom. He
asked her to take a drive with him for
the sake of old times. "You look as
though you needed the fresh air."

"Yes, I do not get out often; mother is
soiling."
On the evening of his last day in
Greenbrier he made up his mind that he
would ask her to marry him. He had
very little doubt of her answer, poor
foolish child; for his own part he fancied
he was in love with her. At all events,
he ought to be in love with some one by
this time. Tilly was almost the only
girl he had ever known well.

But fate interfered with his intention.
Mrs. Eaton was so ill that Tilly could
not be spared from her side for more
than five minutes. She ran down just
to say good-bye, John resolved that he
would write instead. He told Tilly he
would write. "And take care of your-
self," he added. She did not cry this
time. Persons who take an extreme
view of human malady would perhaps
have said that she looked simply bro-
ken-hearted.

When John did write it was a different
sort of letter from the one he had plan-
ned. On his return to camp he was
confronted by a crisis in his life. A gay
party from Washington came down to
dance and flirt in the tented field in lieu
of the conventional ball-room. Of its
number was Maud Gale, who, if expe-
rience goes for anything, should have
been an adept in both dancing and flirt-
ing. A society girl par excellence, she
was the first of the type who had crossed
John Leonard's path. She had cultivated
fascination to the full extent of her
powers, and John fell an easy victim to
her practiced wiles. He was bewitched.
What if her hair were blond, and her
skin were whiter and redder, and her
eyebrows darkened? John was
as innocent as a babe about these mat-
ters. To him Maud was radiant in all
the fresh beauty of young womanhood.
Tilly? She faded in his thought by con-
trast into such a mere dull little girl.
Still bewitched, he became engaged to
Maud.

He was still madly infatuated, how-
ever, when his regiment was ordered in-
to battle—a battle which ended in victory
for his side, but which left him in a
condition however between life and
death. He was desperately wounded;
and—poor fellow!—and when they first
told him that the amputation of his right
arm was unavoidable, it seemed to him
a cruel maiming! He thought of Maud
and her strong, bright beauty with a
sickening sensation of faintness.

He lay at death's door for weeks. Part
of the time he was too ill to recognize
any one. Only the tenderest nursing,
the most assiduous care, saved him.
And when he finally opened his eyes to
consciousness, upon what assiduous and
tender nurse do you suppose they rested?
It was incredible. Upon whom but
gentle, care-worn, gazelle-eyed little
Tilly! "How on earth," began John,
then dropped off to sleep again.

It had been almost a year now since
he had seen this dewy woodland rose.
He had only written her one letter mean-
while, but that letter had been her
heart's sustenance ever since. She had
laid it away among certain other mem-
ories of hers—memories which retained
their sweetness like withered sprigs of
lavender. As the months sped by she
made up her mind that she would never
see John again—that he had forgotten
her. This was her presentiment. But
she did not blame John because he had
not proved all that she had once hoped
he would; that had been her mistake,
but a mistake which had been also her
joy and romance. She called him
her good angel. In the dear Hebrew
phrase, he had come to her—as in truth
every good friend comes to us—as an
angel of God.

During this weary while her mother
died. Tilly found herself without a tie
in life. She might come and go as she
pleased. There was a distinct desire in
her loving heart to do the one work for
an unemployed woman just then. But
it was some little time before she gathered
courage to carry out her wish to
become a hospital nurse. The alarming
first step once taken, she went on easily
enough. And she found an immense
pleasure in thus being of use—as she
proved—and of comfort to many suffer-
ing souls.

The providence which directs small
matters as well as great, appointed her
duties in a certain ward in a certain
hospital, where she came upon John
Leonard's white face one day, as he lay
stretched on his cot of pain, and she re-
alized, with a sudden tumultuous rush

of feeling, that it was for her, humanly
speaking, to tend him back to life. She
felt as though this satisfaction more
than compensated for all that she had
suffered—loneliness, neglect, disappoint-
ment—in the past.

There was little romance about Maud
Gale. She made some excuse for break-
ing her engagement as soon as she
learned of John's misfortune. She had
little faith in a one-armed man's being
able to fight the battle of life success-
fully. And success meant to her more
than affection: one might fall in love
many times over.

John fortunately found that the cure
for his disappointment lay in the nature
of the disappointment itself. "So weak
a thing! so weak a thing!"
So we come to the end. Tilly, con-
tinuing her round of blessed duties, was
greatly surprised when John told her,
not many months after that, that she
was the one need of his life. She had
buckled down to work. When love
came to her suddenly, its voice was as a
voice in a dream. But she believed it
—oh, how gladly! It is so easy for
youth to be happy, to forget!

Miss Gale might have married a distin-
guished man, after all. Dr. Leonard
graduated in his profession immediately
before his marriage to Tilly, and his
name by this time is one that is well
known among physicians.

My impression is that no notification
of the wedding was sent to Miss Rosie
and Miss Posie. Mr. Philip Ross was
notified, however. He signified his
cordial interest and approval. He felt,
moreover, as though he had had a share
himself in making the match. But then
I have noticed that that is always the
way the unimportant important char-
acter feels in all the novels and plays—
Bazar.

Abettors of Suicide.
If the authorities should be able to
collect clear evidence identifying the in-
dividual who furnished to Parr the
strychnine with which he brought his
life to an end almost in the presence of
the judge who was sentencing him to be
hanged, at Philadelphia, they will have
a case for the application of a doctrine of
law, ancient and important, though very
seldom invoked. It is the same offense
to aid a person to kill himself that it is
to enable him to kill a third person.

The antiquated methods by which it
was once sought to punish suicide have
fallen into disuse, not at all because sui-
cide has come to be deemed innocent or
even venial, but altogether because they
offend modern ideas of humanity in pun-
ishments. The law formerly denounced a
heavy forfeiture of property against a
suicide; this is no longer enforced, be-
cause it is seen to punish innocent heirs
rather than the real offender. The law
formerly prescribed ignominious burial,
this is relaxed because it is seen to in-
volve a barbarous vengeance, rather
than a true punishment. But suicide is
just as truly the murder of one's self
now as in the days when the perpetrator
was liable to forfeit lands and goods,
and to be buried, with a stake through
the heart, at a place where four roads
met. The courts now realize that the
principal offender cannot be reached by
human penalties, and they forbear the
attempt. But for the purposes of any
collateral inquiry, an intentional suicide
by a sane person is fully and entirely
murder. Whoever aids a suicide is
guilty of complicity in a murder.

A Painful Scene.
Yesterday morning while seven or
eight old and reliable citizens were
holding down chairs and boxes in a
Michigan avenue grocery, and unani-
mously agreeing that this was the great-
est country on earth, a stranger entered
and said: "Gentlemen, I suppose you
are all familiar with politics." "We are,"
they replied in chorus. "And you know
all about the fundamental principles of
liberty?" "We do." "Well, I'm glad
on it, for I've made a bet with a fellow
here as to how the reading of the consti-
tution begins. One of you just write
me down the first ten words."

Fashion's Whims.
Bright broadsides and wild flowers mix
prestily in seaside hats.
Kilt fronts are seen on nearly all the
promenade dresses in New York.
Black lace bunting dresses are likely
to supersede woolen grenadines.
A profusion of lace and Hamburg em-
broidery decks summer costumes.
Ladies' ulsters of fancy chevrot are to
take the place of linen traveling wraps.
Odd conceits are worn in scarf-pins
and bouquet holders; the newest and
oddest is an owl with ruby eyes.
India muslin jackets, trimmed with
Bretton lace, will be worn both with
black and colored costumes this sum-
mer.

White muslin neckties are worn
around the throat inside the linen col-
lar. It is not considered stylish to wear
them outside.
The Leonie sleeve is a new caprice.
It is only fastened to the waist under
the arm, and the wearer looks as if her
dressmaker's work had been badly done,
and as if her gown were coming to
pieces.

New breakfast caps have long lace or
muslin ends that cross in the back, and
are brought together again in front low
on the bust. The showy Brabant lace
is used for the crown and frills of other
caps. Peacock blue satin ribbon, in
looped clusters, or in one large Alaca-
cian bow on top, is very effective trim-
ming for muslin caps.
For a sort of girl of fourteen make per-
calle and lawn dresses with belted
basques and very simply draped over-
skirts that have quite short aprons, and
perhaps a kilt-plaited skirt. Make her
white dresses with a bouffant polonaise.
The Pinafore polonaise pattern will be
good for a stout lady's dresses; either
grenadine or wash dresses may be made
by this design.

Corsets are most varied in detail,
scarcely any two being made alike. The
only settled fact is that all basques are
shorter, except those that are cut in
English coat shape, to serve as a street
garment without an extra wrapping.
The front has two darts, but no cross
basque seam, and this sometimes com-
pels the use of an underarm dart, which
gives the effect of two side forms in the
back. The first side body begins in the
armhole, and in many cases the second
also; but the long side-forms, beginning
in the shoulder seams, have proved so
becoming to most figures that the at-
tempt to give them up has been a fail-
ure, as many ladies insist upon having
them. There are, however, fewer seams
in the back than when the long corset-
like encasement was so popular. The middle
seam is usually retained, though not al-
ways. Some of World's handiwork-
fittings are made with merely the two
short side-form seams in the back. There
is less effort to make the figure taper
toward the waist line; hence all the
forms of the back are equally broad at
the narrowest part. The greatest
changes are made below the waist in the
back by the introduction of the panter
fullness, which is not confined to the
skirts of the dress, but is seen on the
basque as well. Sometimes the side-
forms are cut quite long and broad, and
are piped on the front edge and at the bot-
tom, while the back edges are laid in
three or four plaits, and are brought to-
gether quite high up, nearly to the
waist line, on the middle forms, where
they are further enlarged by having a
shell-bow of satin placed upon them;
this bow conceals the joining of the
plaits. The ends of the middle forms
are in this case laid quite flat, and are
shaped to form two wide loops. Such a
basque as this is quite bonafide of itself,
and adds to the general panter effect.
—This design is excellent for black gres-
dines, with satin bows for trimming.
—Harper's Bazar.

Sight Seeing in America.
Niagara Falls is the grandest cataract
in the world. Half of it belongs to the
United States, yet it is not possible for
an American citizen even to look at the
falls unless he pays at least twenty-five
cents! Watkins Glen, New York, is a
wonderful chasm, wild and picturesque,
but the free American citizen must pay
fifty cents to enter it. It is hard to
fence in Mount Washington, and it has
not yet been accomplished, but as the
fates are much higher than the moun-
tain the free American citizen may think
he can save money by walking to the
top. He is mistaken. He will have to
pay eighty cents toll to walk up. The
An Sanble chasm is gloomy and grand,
but it costs the free American citizen
fifty cents to see it. The Flame at the
Franconia Notch is worth seeing—sev-
enty-five cents worth. The Whirlpool
at Niagara is sad and somber, at least it
makes the free American citizen feel so
when he goes there with a party of la-
dies—fifty cents each. The Falls of
Montmorency are romantic, historical,
and beautiful—twenty-five cents admis-
sion and fifty cents toll. And thus it
goes. If American speculators could
only erect a wall along the sea coast so
that no one could see the ocean without
paying a dollar, it is quite likely the
free American citizen would go to see it
without a murmur, and take his children
if they were allowed to go for half price.

The Charleston, S. C., custom-house
cost the government \$4,000,000, and was
twenty years building.

He Would Brag.
A party of young men traveling in
Europe had among them a citizen of our
great republic who was so thoroughly
patriotic that he could see no excellence
in anything in the Old World as com-
pared with his own country. Moun-
tains, water-falls, churches, monuments,
society, and all other objects of interest
were inferior to what the United States
could show. His companions became
somewhat tired of his overweening boast-
fulness, and determined to "take him
down a peg." The party spent a winter
in Rome; and one evening, having all
things prepared, they induced their
Yankee friend to join a drinking bout,
and so managed that they kept sober
while he got gloriously drunk. There-
upon they took him into the catacombs,
laid him carefully down, with a candle
within reach, and retired a short dis-
tance out of sight to wait for develop-
ments.

After a while their friend roused up,
having slept off his first drunken stupor,
and, in a state of some astonishment,
began endeavoring to locate himself, at
the same time muttering: "Well—hic—
this little strange. Womner—hic—
where I am, anyway."

He got out his watch, lighted his can-
dle, and began to study his surround-
ings. On each side were shelves piled
with grinning skulls, and niches filled
with skeletons, while all about were
piled legs, arms, ribs, and vertebrae—a
ghastly array, and altogether new to him.
He nodded to the skulls on one side with
a drunken "How do—hic?" and on the
other with "How d'ye feel—hic—any-
way?" took a look at his watch, and once
more at his surroundings, got on his
feet, took off his hat, and holding it
above his head, remarked, loud enough
for his friends to hear: "S all right;—
hic—all right. Morning of the resurrec-
tion, by jingo!—hic. First man on
the ground—rah for United States!
Altera ahead. 'Rah for me specially!'"

The Nation's Wealth.
A writer in a current magazine recent-
ly made a strong presentation of his
opinion that the working classes of the
present day are far better fed, clothed
and lodged, or, in other words, are rich-
er, than were their predecessors a gen-
eration or two ago. But now comes
Alexander Delmar, with figures showing
the average man, woman and child of the
present to be poorer than were their an-
cestors. At the beginning of the century
the "wealth per capita," which we take to
mean the total of each individual's
possessions, on an average, he says, was
\$990, and in 1878 was but \$520. To be
sure, the figures rose as high as \$850 in
1840, but on the other hand they fell as
low as \$400 in 1820. The "product per
capita," which he puts at \$190 in 1800,
was but \$105 in 1878, which bearing in
mind the progress of labor-saving pro-
cesses, seems a very strange statement.
The aggregate wealth and annual product
have, however, largely, and for the most
part steadily, increased—the aggregate
wealth from about two billions of dol-
lars in 1791 to twenty-five billions in 1878
and the total annual product from five
hundred and forty million dollars in
1791 to five thousand millions in 1871.
The largest increase of wealth in any
decade was in 1860-69, when it nearly
doubled. The figures are certainly
curious, but, from the complexity of the
problem, they are necessarily scarcely
more than careful estimates, rather than
certain statements. They seem to sug-
gest conclusively that as the country
grows older there is a tendency toward
aggregation of capital in individual or cor-
porate holdings. In other words, the old
anti-utopian argument that "money does not
breed" is shown by experience to be false,
and the increase of wealth as a country
becomes older is again seen to serve to
emphasize class distinctions by making
the rich richer and the poor poorer.

South Carolina's Cotton Mills.
A letter from Greenville, S. C., gives
cheering reports from the cotton mills
in that State. Despite the general de-
pression in business from various causes,
among them yellow fever, last summer,
the cotton goods increased in quantity
and improved in quality, and found
ready sales. The chief obstacle in the
way of success was the scarcity of com-
petent operatives; but with the aid of a
few taken from Northern mills, a suf-
ficient number of young native women
and men have been taught to feed and
direct the machines. They are furnish-
ed with neat cabins in the vicinity of the
mills, and their pay ranges from twenty-
five cents to three dollars a day, accord-
ing to their usefulness. The increase
of local sales is specially noteworthy.

A Strange Wager.
G. Hussey, of San Francisco, argued
that he could stand any amount of rep-
etition; it was with him only a question
of wages. The contestant, to prove his
theory, offered him \$2.50 a day for a
year to carry a brick from his store, on
Clay street, to a store over the way and
back, ten hours a day, Sundays excepted.
Hussey faced the monotony gayly,
and at eye chinked over the \$2.50 re-
ceived. The second day was all right; only
a yawn now then and an increase of to-
bacco-squirts, till the fifth day, he pe-
tered out and caved in. "Never in my
life did I do work so exhausting. I'd
rather starve than go on another day,"
said the disgusted individual.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.
Factories in Macon, Ga., are turning
out an unusually large number of cotton
gins.
The first ordination of a Chinaman to
the Protestant Episcopal ministry in the
United States took place in San
Francisco, May 10.
A cypress saw-log recently passed
down the Sabine, in Texas, sixty feet long
and seven feet in diameter, capable of
making 50,000 shingles.
The production of butter and cheese
in this country is said to be four times
greater in value than the total yield of
our gold and silver mines.
The Law and Order League of Brook-
lyn, N. Y., have received to vigorously
enforce the law forbidding the sale of
liquors to persons under 18 years of age.
Of 1,106 emigrants landed at New
York in one day, 128 of them were Mor-
mon converts on their way to Utah.
They comprised English, Irish, Scotch,
Welsh and Swiss.
A vigorous effort is making for the
introduction of a divorce law in France,
or rather for the restoration of an old
article in the code, which was in force
from 1792 to 1816.
The new Inlet near the mouth of
Cape Fear river, N. C., has been closed.
It is generally thought that the success
of this work will add greatly to the
prosperity of Wilmington.
The women employed in the English
government departments complain to
parliament that while their pay has been
cut down one-fourth, that of the men
has not been reduced at all.
The English parliamentary committee
has reported that the electric lighting
system is sufficiently developed to allow
of its being economically used for public
but not for domestic purposes.
During one of the last days of the
session, when the chairman of the Senate
offered prayer and invoked "divine bless-
ing upon the deliberations of this body,"
there was not a single Senator present.
Charles K. Landis, who killed Ellipton
Carruth at Vineland, N. J., for defaming
Mrs. Landis, has now got a divorce on
account of her desertion. It would ap-
pear that Mrs. Landis did not consider
her vindication worth the sacrifice.
During a railroad war in Kansas City,
one line cut the fare to Chicago to fifty
cents, whereupon a rival offered a stake
and chrome for the same amount, then
glasses of beer were thrown in, and
finally a trainload of passengers were
taken free.

New York city has a by-law prohib-
iting itinerant musicians from playing
within 500 feet of churches or school-
houses while in session, and making it
compulsory on musicians to move along
when ordered to do so by householders
in front of whose premises they may be
playing.
The Boston Traveler says: "The de-
mand for labor at the West has materially
reduced the volume of unemployed
labor here, while the demand for our
products to meet the wants of the West
is causing most of the New England
manufacturing corporations to work on
full time."
Sixteen little girls in Minneapolis were
recently rendered deadly sick by eating
some custard oil beans which they had
been engaged in stringing. Twelve of
the children, by timely antidotes, are
out of danger, but the others are so
badly poisoned that their lives are de-
spaired of.

According to the returns given by the
Moffet bell-punches in Richmond, the
gross receipts of the saloons of that
city average only \$2 per day, or not
enough to pay the rent, from which the
authorities conclude there is a discrep-
ancy somewhere, as all the saloons are
making money.
The Nihilists of Russia have in prepa-
ration a book which is said to give a full
account of the czar's numerous intrigues,
with portraits of the court favorites who
have from time to time held sway over
the imperial affection. Great ex-
citement prevails in high circles in con-
sequence of the report.

The emigration of Swedes from the
old country to New Sweden, Me., is
constantly on the increase, and has as-
sumed such proportions that the Trans-
atlantic steamship company has established
an agency at New Sweden, and now sells
tickets from any part of Old Sweden
through to New Sweden, Me.
A cow on the New Jersey Central rail-
road caused an oil car to jump the track
and explode. The oil at once took fire
and spread itself for some distance
around, destroying nineteen loaded cars.
Persons living near the disaster had to
dig trenches to prevent the flaming sub-
stance from coming in contact with their
houses.

While a detachment of North Caro-
lina's convicts, who had been at work on
the Ospre Fear and Yadkin Valley rail-
road, were returning to camp under
guard, ten of the prisoners made a rail-
road for liberty, when the keepers fired upon
them, instantly killing four, and seri-
ously wounding four of the others.
Two escaped.
At the session of the grand lodge of
Masons of the State of New York the
report of a special committee was read,
showing that the total cost of the Maso-
nic temple in New York city for ground
and building on May 1, 1878, was \$1,
242,953.78, the cost of furniture \$94,488.
22; sundry other expenses amounted to
\$251,850.66. Total \$1,590,293.96.

The People's Press.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements.
Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to
6 P. M., during the week, and on
Sundays from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAIL.
RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Sa-
lem closes every day, except Sunday
at 4:00 p. m. Due every day, except
Sunday, at 10:50 p. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old
Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Dalton,
Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's
Creek. Closes every day except Sunday,
at 6:30 a. m. Due every day except
Sunday, at 6 p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch,
Sedge Garden, Germantown and Walnut
Cove. Closes every day except Sunday
at 6:30 a. m. Due every day, except
Sunday, at 5 p. m.

HUNTSVILLE, via Lewisville and
Pantley Creek. Closes Monday, Wed-
nesday and Friday at 6:30 a. m. Due
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 10,
a. m.

RICHMOND HILL, via Mount Ta-
bor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend.
Closes Monday and Friday at 6:30 a. m.
Due Tuesday and Saturday 2 p. m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Advance
and Elkhartsville, closes every Friday,
at 6:30 A. M. Due every Saturday, by 8
A. M.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

LOCAL ITEMS.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PRESS.

Out Harvest on hand. The crop is fair.

WANTED—a good young yard dog. Ap-
ply at this office.

Judge Cloud left for Watauga County on
Monday evening last.

No Watermelons to be had on the 4th, al-
though a big thing could have been made
in melons on that day.

Competition among the wheat threshers
has reduced the rates to the 25th instead of
the 20th bushel, as formerly.

THE THREE—Gov. Jarvis failed to make
his appearance on the 3rd on account of
pressing official business, connected with
the new State Bonds.

Elder M. Baldwin preached at Friendship
on Sunday last in place of Elder Wm. Tur-
ner, who was called to preach a funeral ser-
mon in Davis county.

Call and see the five cent counter at E. A.
Ebert's establishment; it is surprising the
number of useful articles you can buy at
five cents each.

T. R. Purnell, Esq., spent a few days here,
and returned to Raleigh, Monday, with
his family, leaving La to spend a month or
two here.

Mr. Reynard (Fox), a Frenchman, pur-
poses putting up a greenhouse on Mill Street,
in this place, and will raise plants and seeds
for sale. We hope the project will succeed.

Have you seen it?
The newest thing out, E. A. Ebert's five
cent counter, over eight hundred articles for
sale at five cents each.

We return thanks to Mr. Chas. Buford,
the polite and accommodating R. Agent,
for a fine "rattlesnake watermelon" all
the way from Georgia. It was capital. We learn
that melons are scarce and high priced in
Atlanta.

Old Buck, the well known gray horse
of the Salem Mill wagon, died on the 4th, at
the age of twenty-four years. The faithful
horse was in the family of J. N. Blum all
his life, and until within the last year or so,
worked regularly.

Good Wheat.—Mr. Butler, of the Salem
Hotel, threshed 120 bushels of excellent
wheat from a four and half acre lot, being
about 27 bushels and a peck to the acre.—
This is one of the best yields we have heard
of in this section in many a year. The lots
were in a high state of cultivation, but no
more so than most of our farmers could give
their lands if they would try.

A hard-hearted mother attempted to palm
off her infant, 6 weeks old, on several fam-
ilies, by asking them to take care of it for a
while. In one instance she entered a house
and laid the child on the bed, but concluded
to change quarters, trying at several places
and finally succeeded, but was caught before
she had disappeared and made to take
back her little waif. Look out for her.

Refreshments on the 4th were in demand
and the stands in Salem and Winston reaped
rich harvests. Mr. Miller sold out all he
had prepared, and might have doubled his
income. Mr. Winkler sold over 93 gallons
of ice cream, and measured out 20
kegs of lager beer, all on the glorious 4th,
and yet there was little or no drunkenness.
So the public may judge the crowd present
on the occasion.

A large number of persons now use those
fine, imported English Soaps, which are
selling so rapidly at Smith's Drug Store,
Winston, and pronounce them just the
thing so long needed for the toilet. We
cannot too often urge upon our friends to
stop using impure soaps, and again advise
them to call on Smith when they want a
soap that will preserve and beautify the skin.

Internal Revenue Collections of the Fifth
District, for the week ending July 5th, 1879,
were as follows:—

Monday.....	\$ 3,156 03
Tuesday.....	2,875 97
Wednesday.....	4,178 56
Thursday.....	2,574 62
Friday.....	3,280 13
Saturday.....	3,280 13
Total.....	\$16,065 31

The large number of persons in atten-
dance on the fourth went off well pleased,
not only with the proceedings of the day,
but a great number who called at the Har-
dware Store of S. E. Allen, in Winston, are
more than gratified by knowing that there
is such a place where the best of Hardware
can be bought at the very lowest prices. Look
for the mammoth saw sign, that's the place.

THE PRESS GANG.—We had the pleasure
of meeting Messrs. Cameron of the Durham
Recorder, Bruner of the Salisbury Watchman,
Woodson of the Raleigh Observer, special cor-
respondent of the N. Y. Herald, Higgins of
the Danville News, Webster of the Reids-
ville News, and Stewart of the Danbury
Reporter, who were here to witness the cele-
bration of the 4th. Mr. Cameron called on
us at our office and we enjoyed a social chat.
All of our brethren of the Press looked well
and we wish them a long and successful
career.

The thanks of the Committee of Arrangements
for the 4th of July Celebration are
returned to those ladies and gentlemen who
aided them in perfecting the various scenes
which gave such general satisfaction in the
morning procession.

The following is the jury for the August
term of Inferior Court: T. B. Hancock, Wm.
Griggs, C. F. Davis, W. W. Pulp, R. W. Hitt-
chcock, Harrison O'Case, W. W. Linville, L. P.
Mathis, C. A. Fogle, Philip Reed, M. H. Mar-
shall, J. C. Fleming, John Tesh, H. H. Grubbs,
Flavius Lashmit, J. C. Doub, Jackson Guthrie,
P. A. Stoltz, Calvin Faw, G. W. Wilson,
J. P. Raney, John A. Strater, W. S. Linville,
B. Y. Hendrix, G. H. Haley, col., I. W. Durham,
W. M. Maderia, J. L. Butner, R. F. Robertson.

INDIA INK DRAWINGS.—Mr. Poulson
kindly permitted us to examine two neat
and well-executed sketches in India ink,
drawn by John Graham, Civil Engineer,
now engaged on the New River R. R. Route.
One is a "sketching sketch" on the stable
fields of Graylands, the plantation of Mr.
Poulson, in Yadkin, and the other is a
beautiful scene on Halston's Pond, in Da-
vidson county. They are faithfully drawn.
The parties in the field are Mr. P. and the
artist, with the well known settlers in full
action. On the other, the same gentlemen
are in a boat, Mr. P. in the act of drawing a
fine fish from the water. The free off hand
manner of sketching evinces considerable
talent.

NOTICE.
The physicians eligible to membership in
the State Medical Society, the mayor of
Winston and the County Surveyor will meet
the Chairman of the County Commission-
ers in the town of Winston, on Tuesday, the
22nd inst., for the purpose of organizing a
County Board of Health, in accordance with
an act of the last Legislature.

July 8th, 1879. A. E. CONRAD, Ch'm.

SALEM JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—
On last Sunday afternoon an interesting
exercise was given by the members of Salem
Juvenile Missionary Society, in connection
with their semi-annual meeting. This So-
ciety was composed of all the scholars of
Salem Sunday School, and has now been in
successful operation for some eight or nine
years. Meetings are held quarterly, which
are always opened with singing and prayer,
by the pastor, after which the President of
the Society takes the chair. Contributions are
gathered in, and appropriations for
missionary or other benevolent enterprises
made. At the meeting in January and July,
the officers of the Society are elected; the
understanding always being, that the Pres-
ident and Vice-Presidents are to be chosen
from among the boys, whilst girls fill the
offices of Secretary and Treasurer. On this
occasion the interest of the meeting was
much enhanced by the rendering of an ex-
ercise as published in a recent number of
the Sunday School Times, with an additional
feature. It was introduced by responsive
reading of Scripture, the President of the
Society, John Brieux, leading in one por-
tion, and the Superintendent of the
School in another portion. Then followed
the presentation of offerings, on the part of
the classes—each class being represented by
three scholars. The offerings consisted of
an emblem (e. g. a star, sword, shield, harp,
anchor, &c.), a bouquet of flowers, and the
money contribution of the class. As the
offerings were presented, the scholars re-
peated a text of scripture having reference
to each, to which the Superintendent re-
sponded with another suitable passage from
Scripture. The Treasurer of the Society,
Miss Connie Pfohl, received the money, and
two of the lady teachers received the em-
blems and floral offerings. The latter were
at once affixed to a skeleton cross which
had been previously prepared and embow-
ered in a background of green, and the em-
blems were arranged around the foot of the
cross. After the last offering had been
presented, a beautiful floral cross was pre-
sented to view, crowned by a coronet of
white. The exercise was interspersed and
enlivened by songs, and was closed by Rev.
James Hall.

The contribution of the scholars and
friends who were present, together with the
Sunday School Penny Collections of the
quarter, amounted to over \$32 00. This
amount was appropriated to the Foreign
Mission Work of the Moravian Church.

A Vote of Thanks.
At a informal meeting of such members of the
press of North Carolina as were present at the
celebration of the 4th of July at Winston, in
the proceedings of which the reports for the
Danville News and New York Herald partici-
pated, the following resolutions were adopted
as an expression of the sense of the
meeting.

Resolved, That the members of the press, partici-
pating in the celebration of the 4th of July at
Winston, be and they are hereby requested to
publish the following resolutions in their respec-
tive papers, and to extend the same to the
editors of the Danville News and New York
Herald, and to the committee of arrangements
and other gentlemen taking part in the cele-
bration, by which their field of observation was
widely enlarged and their area of pleasure greatly
extended.

J. D. CAMERON, Durham Recorder.
J. B. BRUNER, Salisbury Watchman.
J. L. WOODSON, Raleigh Observer.
J. H. HIGGINS, Danville News.
W. M. WEBSTER, Reidsville News.
J. STUART, Danbury Reporter.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the
cause of the oppressed, and tender them our
condolences for their sad lot.

Resolved, That the annual badge of mourning be
worn for three days, and that the same be
worn by the members of the press, and by the
editors of the Danville News, and the New York
Herald, and by the committee of arrangements
and other gentlemen taking part in the cele-
bration, and by all who are in sympathy with
the cause of the oppressed.

Resolved, That we earnestly sympathize with the
family of the deceased, and tender them our
condolences for their sad lot.

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THE FOURTH OF JULY!

15,000 People in Town.

Good Order Throughout the Day.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S BARBECUE.

Our National Birthday was celebrated here
with more than usual eclat. Already on the
day previous the people from a distance
were coming in, and before the night of the
3rd the wagon yards and camping lots were
full of wagons. Everybody had come for a
holiday and they had a rousing time.

To the credit of the vast assemblage of people
but few were to say, drunk, and nothing
occurred to mar the festivities of the day.
No explosion of firearms, not even the
"small boy's" fire cracker graced the occa-
sion, but all, both great and small, rational-
ly enjoyed the various scenes of the day,
and returned home, satisfied with having
celebrated.

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY
in a satisfactory manner, as becomes citizens
of a free country.

The Governor of the State was expected
on the 3rd, but a press of official business
prevented his attendance. The other spec-
tacles advertised for the 4th were also absent
but our "Home Orators," amply made up
all deficiencies, and we are proud to say
that all the speech making as well as the
grand street display was gotten up entirely
at home.

The procession was headed by the Salem
Silver Cornet Band, whose music is always
the very best, and to-day they certainly cov-
ered themselves with musical glory.

The Winston Light Infantry made a fine
appearance, followed by the Durham Light
Infantry and Danville Greys all making a
splendid martial appearance.

Columbus Discovering America, was re-
presented by a little fellow mounted in the
rigging of a fine ship viewing the "promised
land" through a telescope. The ship was
fully manned by a crew of jolly young tars.
The scene was very good and rightly headed
the procession of tableaux vivants. Tom
Martin, Columbus; Bob Gorrell, Cabell
Smith, Pery Masten, Henry Bittling, George
Bittling, Ed Rayle, Jimmy Wiley, crew of
the vessel. In charge of J. A. Blum.

The sumptuously arranged scene of Sir
Walter Raleigh presenting Queen Elizabeth
with the first tobacco, was worthy of the
palmy days of Queen Bess. Miss Maggie
Lee charmingly represented the Virgin Queen
and Mr. Malloy, Sir Walter Raleigh. The
surroundings were in good keeping making
an elegant picture.

Captain John Smith and Pocahontas was
all that could be wished. The gay costumes
of the Indians and the graceful position of
Pocahontas was very attractive. Jim Davis,
Captain John Smith; Sam Miller, Pocahon-
tas; Frank Cook, Columbus Warner, Tom
Bohannon, Lew Pegram. Arranged by J.
A. Blum.

Wm. Penn's treaty with the Indians was
splendidly given. The figure of Penn, given
by Charlie Ackerman, was true to the old
Quaker style, and was admired by all. The
whole scene was elaborately wrought up
and would have been a credit to any similar
demonstration in our larger cities. Charles
Ackerman, Henry Shaffner, Henry Star-
buck, Walter Crouse, Frank Hege, Will
Beck, Will Peterson, John Butner, Sam
Patterson, Henry Keelish. Arranged by
J. B. Bickenderfer.

The Continental Congress from the pic-
ture of the "Signing of the declaration of
Independence" was the feature of the day, as
it was the origin of the "day we celebrate."
The car was gracefully draped and the fig-
ures judiciously placed. The furniture was
of the old style, and altogether, the group
was true to nature and the occasion. The
prominent figures could easily be recognized,
and the costumes were faithfully neat and
appropriate.

The following young gentlemen composed
the Continental Congress:
Kie S. Lott, President; Emil deschwe-
nitz, Harvey Gierich, Oscar Fisher, John
Thomas, George Keelish, Frank Vogler,
Platte Johnson, Willie Johnston, Wil-
lie Franklin, N. P. Tilly. Arranged by J. L.
Fulkerson.

Washington crossing the Delaware was
one of the finest scenes in the procession.
W. T. Store represented Washington and
was a remarkable *fac simile* of the "Father
of his Country." The ice and watery billows
were well given. It was truly a fine spec-
imen of taste. Aids to Washington: Will
& Frank Semmons. Oarsmen: Will Spough,
Thad Butner, Julius Lindsey, Leach Porter.
Arranged by H. A. Siddall, J. H. Shultz, and
John Nicholson.

The Continental Camp at Valley Forge
was like the rest, well got up and the lit-
tle continentals looked every inch soldiers.—
Jimmy Blum, Fred Walker, Sam Martin,
Earnest Wiley, Paul Bittling, James Nor-
fleet, Alex. Blum. Arranged by J. A. Blum.

The Continental Cavalry were in good
costume and created quite a sensation. They
were certainly a feature of the occasion.
Cabell Hairston, John Sink, H. N. Ack-
erman, W. Hairston, Winn Remson, Barney
Long, B. Y. Rayle, John Tish, H. S. Foy,
Will Gray, John Petree, Frank Michale, J.
Anderson, F. Hairston, Luther Hine, Wm.
Marble, H. Leek, Frank Remson, C. D.
Lambert, Jasper Swain, W. E. Hege, R. L.
Potts. Arranged by H. A. Siddall and
Capt. Vann.

The well known Chariot containing the
13 young ladies, representing the 13 colonies,
was fully up to any previous occasion. The
following young ladies represented the dif-
ferent colonies:

Misses Lula Ackerman, Emma Fisher,
Gertrude Jenkins, Lilla Jones, May Keelish,
Eva Keelish, Mary Lewis, Gertrude Miller,
Ella Shore, Mollie Spach, Claudia Winkler,
Claudia Wheeler. By J. L. Fulkerson.

The Army and Navy was very well illus-
trated by a group of young soldiers and
sailors. Army: Frank Stockton, Pannel
Rucker, Banks Rucker, Willie Brooks,
George Brieux, Navy: Bernie Pfohl, Willie
Pfohl, Tommy Graham, Claudia Keelish,
Henry Stockton. Arranged by W. S.
Martin.

Banker Hill Monument rose majestically
from a neat decorated car, and was the
prominent feature in the line of march. Ar-
ranged by E. A. Ebert and Chas. Fisher.

The Coat of Arms of North Carolina was
perhaps the finest picture in the procession.
Two beautiful young ladies, Misses Jessie
Winkler and Alice Putney, one leaning on
the Cornucopia with a sheaf of wheat in
hand, the other seated on a rock and hold-
ing a staff with a cap of liberty. The group
was encircled by a fine wreath of evergreens,
giving the two figures a frame of living
green. The car was light and neat and
drawn by three "marsh ponies" harnessed

abreast and led by two colored grooms. It
was a beautiful tableau, and all were de-
lighted at the very faithful representation of
our coat of Arms. The graceful position of
the two young ladies was much admired.
Arranged by J. L. Fulkerson.

Columbia receiving homage from the four
quarters of the Globe. This was an elabo-
rately composed scene. In the centre, in a
graceful position stood a young lady (Miss
Agnes Hauser) representing Columbia,
while at each corner of the Car were four
gentlemen representing the four quarters of
the globe, Asia, Africa, Europe, and Amer-
ica. The surrounding decorations were in
good keeping with the whole. It was in-
deed a splendid piece of work, every detail
being brought out intelligently, no slurring
over any minor part. Arranged by W. E.
Ormsby.

Indeed we heard a gentleman at our elbow
say the whole morning's procession was the
most perfect in every part, that he had ever
seen on wheels.

The Tobacco Association had a fine dis-
play of the various brands of manufactured
tobacco mounted on a large car. On the
sides were inscriptions giving the sales in
leaf tobacco for the first year and also that
of last year. The motto "All honor to our
Patrons" appeared on a monumental shaft,
springing up amid the boxes of tobacco.
The inscriptions on sides of car were "Sales
in 1872, 100,000 lbs.—in 1873, 8,000,000."

Market in its infancy, now crowned with
success. Established 1872." A young lady,
Miss Hays, occupied the car wearing a
liberty cap manufactured of bright leaf
tobacco, accompanied by a gallant youth,
all attention to the tobacco crowned with
little queen. That unique artist, Bob Mos-
ely, had some very characteristic sketches
on either side of the car.

The scene on the street during the pro-
cession beggars description. There was an
unbroken mass of human beings from the
public square in Salem to the Court House
square, all enjoying the gay scene.

On the return of the procession to the
public square, every seat was soon occupied.
The stand was beautifully draped with
evergreens. A light arch sprang over the
deck, from the centre of which was sus-
pended a bell in living green, so gracefully
shaped that we almost listened for the
"fairy bell" stroke announcing the opening
of the exercises, when the clarion notes of
the band banished all visions of fairy land.

The President of the day, Capt. S. E. Al-
len, announced the programme, according to
which Rev. H. A. Brown, offered up a
 fervent prayer. Robert Kerner then read
the National Declaration of Independence in
a clear and distinct manner, giving gen-
eral satisfaction. We have never heard this
celebrated paper read with better effect. W.
B. Glenn, the orator of the day, next arose,
and gave one of the brightest and most ap-
propriate addresses we have listened to in
many a day. The audience never wavered
during its delivery, paying the strictest at-
tention throughout.

The Durham and Danville military com-
panies added much to the morning pro-
cession, and we learn they were well pleased
with their reception here.

In the afternoon the inevitable "Fantas-
tic" paraded the streets. The elephant was
about and attracted universal attention, as
did the "Giant" after the "Carpet-bagger."
The Military band was the crowning
spectacle, causing shouts of laughter, particu-
larly at various points along the route,
where the dusky Captain put them through
the manual of arms.

THE EVENING.
The illumination in our public square
was the grandest ever before attempted. A
perfect "sea of light" greeted you on every
hand, intensified by the frequent display of
"red and blue" lights.

Imagine 1,500 illuminated lanterns, with
a display of red and blue light at intervals,
and you have a faint idea of the grand
scene.

